A LEAF FROM LIFE.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things,
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And Time stood still and wreathed his wrongs
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to do or dare?
What peril tempt? What hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart and what was hidden there!

And she with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd all life and joy—
And full of blushful impudence.

She married! Well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share;
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbowed chair.

And years rolled by, and I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,
Till age's tough my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then, it chanced, I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read such passion shook
My soul—I needs must curse and cry.

For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fool—too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: Send no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward.
—[Evening Call.

The World What We Make It.

It is true in psychology that what the mind itself contributes to the making of a conception, is at least as important as what the outer world supplies for that conception.

And it is no less true that the things which constitute our social or moral or religious world, are affected as much by our own shaping of them within ourselves, as by the bare materials of them which exist outside ourselves.

Shakspeare is not the same to any two readers; each reader has his own Shakspeare—a Shakspeare formed by the growth into the reader's mind of those elements in Shakspeare which are akin to the mind of the reader. And so it is with every single object which is presented to human thought. Each sees the object; but each puts something of himself into his seeing. The same blue sky is shining with joy for one, and is calmly pitiless for another. The world of nature takes on the aspect of our moods and what we think of the world of men, is but the reflection of what we know of ourselves.

If we are convinced that truth and faith and purity have died out of the world, it is a sure sign that we are sadly in need of reformation ourselves. If we recognize nobility in another, it is evidence that the best within ourselves is not yet dead. This power, this habit of shaping our world into our own image, carries with it a certain responsibility. When we are most firmly convinced that what the world needs is some sharp reformation, we ought first to question ourselves how much of the wickedness we see is really the world's and how much of it is only the shadow of ourselves.

How a Drunkard Reformed.

[San Francisco Call.]

"I had noticed that men who made a business of buying and selling wines in large quantities sampled them and ascertained their quality and bouquet by taking two or three mouthfuls in succession, rolling it around their tongues, as one might say, bathing their palates in it—in short, subjecting it to the severest tests by the organs of taste—and then ejecting it from the mouth without swallowing any.

The remembrance of this came upon me one day when I was perfectly sober but terribly despondent. I resolved to try it. I did, and have met with the most gratifying success. You may laugh but it is the solemn truth. I took a large drink of liquor, but instead of letting it pass into my stomach I checked it in my throat and gargled it for a minute and then spit it out.

To my joy I found my thirst for it almost as much appeased as though I had swallowed the liquor. I have followed this plan ever since, and have not been drunk since, although I have gargled the liquor, never swallowing a drop, as many as a dozen or more times a day—the same number of drinks I used to take. The plan is a very simple one, and is, I believe, the only one for a slave to the cup."

"Has your appetite increased?"

"On the contrary, it has decreased. By the means I adopted my brain has become clear and strong again, and my will power is as good as it was before I became a hard drinker. In gargling the liquor I got all the benefit of the flavor and all the satisfaction to my appetite without losing my senses."

A POST-OFFICE MYTH.

The "Million Postage Stamps" Fraud and its Amusing Phases.

[N. Y. Mail and Express.]

It is believed by many that there is a standing offer by the Government, or by a "benevolent gentleman," of a large sum of money to be paid to any one who will devote himself to the collection of a million cancelled postage stamps. The vitality of this absurd story would be astonishing were it not for the well known readiness of a large proportion of the public to accept any statement, however incredible, which offers pecuniary advantage to themselves.

Hardly a week passes that personal or epistolary inquiries are not received at the post-office on this subject, and it is often difficult to convince the inquirer that wealth is not to be acquired by the laborious exploration of waste-baskets and the soaking of old envelopes.

"As a bore the "cancelled postage stamps" man or boy has come to be considered second to none. The flattering tale of money to be gained varies somewhat in details. Now it is the Postmaster-General who, as they have heard, has issued a proclamation offering a certain sum (ranging from $10,000 to $100) to the first who shall bring to the Department the fruits of this queer harvest; again it is a benevolent but eccentric old party, male or female, who has held out as an inducement in this stamp-hunting the promise to furnish a collegiate education for the individual who shall first prove his or her industry or perseverence by the collection of the mythical million; then it is another philanthropist who has offered to dispatch a fully-equipped missionary to Zululand and Patagonia, or to give an organ to a Sunday school on the same terms. Many of the victims of this delusions make no inquiry as to the truth of the tale that has reached their ears, but, calmly assuming to the gospel, limit their inquiries to the exact address of the person to whom the stamps are to be sent—whether there is any restriction to the denominations of the stamps—whether foreign stamps will be accepted, etc.

The sober fact is that cancelled postage stamps (with one exception of certain ancient issues prized by those afflicted with "Timbromania") have no value save as waste paper, and the collection of them is simply a waste of time. One who has been at some pains to trace the origin of this ensnaring legend, reports that he has discovered it in the fact that about forty years ago an advertisement appeared in an English newspaper appealing to the charitable to send the cancelled stamps from their letters to a certain address in Brighton to aid the efforts of a poor lad to cover the walls of his bedroom with those defaced effigies of Her Majesty—the promise having been made him that on the completion of the task the expenses of his education would be paid for by some wealthy crank.

The post-office authorities took the trouble to investigate the matter, and found that the advertiser was in fact a lad, but that his education—at least in one branch of learning—was already complete, the stamps sent in response to his appeal being cleaned by some process he had discovered and disposed of by him at a discount. His "infant" industry was, of course, quietly suppressed, and, his operations having opened the eyes of the post-office authorities to the danger of extensive frauds, measures were taken to guard against it by the use of fugitive inks, which disappear when any liquid is applied to remove the cancelling marks. But although further mischief in that direction was thus prevented, the young scamp had laid the foundation for the most annoying of myths.

A Preaching Tourney.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Old, but good, is the story told of the young preachers who were discussing the subject of off-hand sermonizing, when an old gentleman declared he always preached extempore and trusted to the occasion for inspiration.

A young man declared he never did, but preferred carefully preparing his sermons and committing them to memory.

"Pshaw," said the old man, "the reason you don't preach extempore is because you can't."

"Well," replied the young one, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Next Sunday we'll both preach extempore. I'll preach in the morning from any text you give me, and you preach in the afternoon from a text I'll give you, and we'll see who does the best."

Agreed. The affair got noised abroad, and a crowded house greeted the young preacher as he went into the pulpit, and the old man passed up the text, from a verse in Numbers:

"And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass."

The young preacher pitched in and graphically described the kinds and breeds of asses, the usefulness, good and bad traits, and drew a moral and adorned a tale from all he knew of asseology. The sermon was a success.

Evening came, and the old preacher ascended the pulpit, and the young one sent up the text from the next verse in Numbers: "Am not I thine ass?"

The old gentleman rubbed his glasses and adjusted them, read the text to himself, then took off his glasses again and rubbed them and read the text aloud. Then he coughed and looked around at the audience, for the meeting-house was packed, readjusted his glasses, coughed and repeated the text and, bending over the pulpit, said: "Yes, brother, I guess I am."

A Joke Which Mark Twain Enjoyed.

[Exchange.]

"I remember one circumstance of by gone times with great vividness," said Mark Twain recently to a Buffalo audience. "I arrived here after dark on a February evening in 1870, with my wife and a large company of friends, when I had been a husband twenty-four hours; and they put us two in a covered sleigh and drove us up and down and every which way through all the back streets in Buffalo, until at last I got ashamed, and said:

"'I asked Mr. Slee to get me a cheap boarding house, but I didn't mean that he should stretch economy to the going outside the state to find it.' The fact was, there was a practical joke to the fore which I didn't know anything about, and all this fooling around was to give it time to mature. My father-in-law, the late Jervis Langdon, whom many of you will remember, had been clandestinely spending a fair fortune upon a house and furniture in Delaware avenue, for us, and had kept his secret so well that I was the only person this side of Niagara Falls that hadn't found it out.

"We reached the house at last, about ten o'clock, and were introduced to a Mrs. Johnson, the ostensible landlady. I took a glance around, and then my opinion of Mr. Slee's judgment as a provider of cheap boarding houses for men who had to work for their living dropped to zero. I told Mrs. Johnson that there had been an unfortunate mistake. Mr. Slee had evidently supposed I had money, where as I only had talent; and so, by her leave, we would abide with her a week, and then she could keep my trunk and we would hunt another place.

Then the battalion of ambushed friends and relatives burst in on us, out of closets and from behind curtains; the property was delivered over to us, and the joke revealed, accompanied with much hilarity. Such jokes as these are all too scarce in a person's life. That was a really admirable joke, for that house was so completely equipped in every detail—even to the house servants and coachman—that there was nothing to do but just sit down and live in it.

"Well, the house isn't ours now, but we've got the coachman yet. All these fifteen years he has been a living and constant reminder of that pleasant jest. He was a spruce young stripling then, with his future all before him. He showed himself worthy of high good fortune, and it has fallen richly to his lot—beyond his most distempered dreams; he's got a wife and nine children now. I would not discriminate; I would not show partiality; I wish you all the same luck."

WHAT IS LOVE?

"What is love?" asks a damsel fair.
Love is a twinkling of the eye,
A letter sweet, and a lock of hair,
A throbbing heart, a kiss, and a sigh.

Sometimes love has untimely fate—
An old man say, with a bulky boot—
Sometimes love's course is all but straight,
And ends with a "breach of promise" suit.
—[N. Y. Journal

Position of a Woman's Mouth.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"There now, John, just read that and maybe you will throw away that horrid cigar!"

"Read what?"

"Why, this in the paper. A member of the recent Woman's Congress says it is a nice thing for a man to keep his mouth fit to be kissed."

"Hump! That may all be; but it is also a nice thing for a woman to keep her mouth in the right position to be kissed."

"The right position?"

"Yes, shur."

Wants His Church Subscription Back.

[Buffalo Express.]

At a recent meeting of the Universalist parish in Augusta, Me., a big gun of the church made so singular a request that the newspapers shrink from printing his name. He stated that he had become poor, and he asked the society to refund to him the same of $2,000, which he subscribed toward the erection and maintenance of the church building some twenty years ago.

He has not yet got the money, and it will be strange if he does. Though the petitioner's name is not given, he is so particularly described that anybody who has a file of blue-books can hunt him down.

He is said to have held lucrative Federal offices almost continuously for twenty years or more. For years he was Minister to one of the European courts at a salary of $7,000 a year. Then he was Minister to a South American republic at a salary of $10,000 a year. If this is not a warning against office-holding, what is it? Not a warning against charitable giving, surely, for if the $2,000 had not been given it would undoubtedly have been squandered as the donor's other income was.

A Hint to the Nihilists.

[San Francisco Post.]

It is remarkable what bad shots these nihilists are. Here, they have fired, first and last, about four and a half pounds of bullets at the present czar and the Emperor William; but instead of turning those well-known parties into portable lead mines, no particular harm has been done. Not so much as a two-bit watch crystal has been broken, so far, and the public—particularly the newspaper fraternity—is getting tired of so many miscures, especially as the socialists, dynamiters and infernal machine builders are selling equally low in the pools. It is about time somebody made a record, and, in this connection, we are glad to notice that Captain Bogardus and Dr. Carver are about making a tour of Europe.

Communists and other dissatisfied stockholders could hardly do better than avail themselves of the services of these excellent marksmen.

It takes an American to shoot straight after all.

Their terms are reasonable, and they could be relied upon to waft to a happier land than ours at least forty-five monarchs out of a possible fifty, on an average—dukes, prime ministers and heirs apparent in proportion. We don't see how the nihilists can make any progress otherwise, as the box of four-bit cigars filled with nitro-glycerine, recently sent the czar, failed to explode, and a lot of American depot doughnuts donated to the kaiser, were referred by that tyrant to the ordnance department, under the impression that they were some new kind of patent grape-shot. There is, seriously nothing left but to arrange the imperial sweep-stakes for the captain at once, and if he fails there is the "Dr." who is known to be even more deadly with the rifle than he formerly was with the prescription, which is saying a great deal.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

How California Millionaires Have Been Bled by Wicked Women.

[San Francisco Letter.]

Some few years ago an eccentric Frenchman died here possessed of a cool million or so. He had no heirs, but there were a score of nephews and nieces in France. When his will was opened it was found that the old man had provided liberally for all, and to Sallie Hinchley, a former well-known actress who has lived here for many years, he had left an annuity of $200 a month, to be paid her so long as she lived. But Sallie pooh-poohed this provision. She began suit at once, claimed to be the wife and to have dower-rights, and all that, and she made such a hubbub as to scare the French heirs out of their wits, and they gladly compromised, Sallie took $80,000 in cash in lieu of her annuity, and $100,000 besides. She now lives in fine style here, and though no longer a young woman by any means, is attractive and leads a quiet and respectable life.

The dead Ralston was a prey to adventuresses as long as he lived. He was a man of open immoralities, and numbered his mistresses by the dozen. His bachelor apartments of Commercial street, which occupied a whole floor and were fitted up in regal style, were the scene of many a champagne supper to a choice but soiled coterie of friends. After his death his estate was not only attacked, for the excellent reason, perhaps, that there was nothing to be gained by it, for Ralston died a pauper. Sharon, who took charge of his affairs and wound up the estate, did, however, pay some small sums to two or three of the women who had been dependent upon Ralston, and by that means secured "quit-claim deeds," so to speak. Out of the wreck of the Ralston estate was saved for his window the country residence known as "Little Belmont" and $75,000 to support the family. This has all been dissipated. Mrs. Ralston got into evil habits and contracted evil associations. Her property is now all gone, and she has, it is believed wholly lost the respect of her old friends and her family.

W. S. O'Brien, the dead bonanza monarch, thought he would save scandal and money, too, by fixing up matters with all his cher amies before his death. "Uncle Billy" had been one of the boys in his earliest days, and later on at the period of his affluence he had not forgotten the companions of his more youthful joys. It was said that there were no less than four ladies who lived handsomely at Mr. O'Brien's expense during his later years. Not that they were all his mistresses by any means, but at some time or other in their lives he had relations with them, and he felt the obligation to care for them. "Uncle Billy" was ill for several months before he died, and during his illness he took his old partner and friend Flood into his confidence, and between them they provided for all the ladies in the handsomest manner. To each was deeded the beautiful house she dwelt in and a sufficient sum to support it, together with furniture, horses, carriages, etc. Rumor put the cost of all this to Uncle Billy's estate at $600,000 but it was all done quietly, and not a soul but Flood knew. From each of the ladies was taken a cast-iron document signed, sealed and delivered, releasing W. S. O'Brien and his estate from any claim whatsoever.

But alas! Uncle Billy forgot one inamorata of the days of his poverty. A Mexican woman in humble life called one day at the Nevada Bank after O'Brien's death and asked to see Mr. Flood. The latter recognized her at once. She had been a "friend" of Uncle Billy's when Flood and O'Brien kept the "Auction Lunch and Saloon." The woman, who seemed quite poor, asked if Mr. O'Brien had not left her some little keepsake. Flood said he had not. "He must have forgotten me," she said, and then she pulled from her pockets a bundle of yellow, faded love-letters of Uncle Billy's, written in a mixture of pretty bad English and horrible Spanish, and said: "He used to think so much of me; I was greatly shocked to hear of his death." The woman did not ask for anything, but the cool-headed Flood knew that he must get those letters, for an innocent woman with that budget was too dangerous a quantity to allow to run loose in a community filled with hungry and unscrupulous lawyers. He sent for his co-executor, J. V. Coleman, nephew of Uncle Billy, and the two took the woman into a private room. Whatever took place there nobody knows, but the letters passed into Flood's possession, and it was afterwards learned that the O'Brien estate was charged with $40,000 "legal expenses in securing certain quit-claim deeds."

A Cat With a Tail of Fire.

It often happens that the rat is accused of being an incendiary, and many are the destructive fires laid at his door, or, rather, hole. It is said that he gathers stray matches from the floor and carries them in his mouth to his hole, and there, by experiments or carelessness, he fires them off to set the building ablaze. But probably the first case on record of his old and arch enemy, the cat, being accused of incendiarism, was that which occurred last Monday afternoon on O. D. Edwards' place, five miles from Macon, on what is known as the river road.

It seems that the small boy, as in most cases where mischief is connected, is accessary before the fact. Three or four little negro boys took hold of a cat on the premises and wrapped a piece of small wire around Tabby's tail. To the end of the wire they attached a piece of cotton saturated with kerosene oil. This they set on fire, and then they took a seat on the fence to watch and see which way the cat would jump.

Tabby sat on her haunches for a minute or so, probably to study out what the boys had done that seemed to them so funny. Then suddenly she smelt a rat, or, most likely, the burning cotton, and dashed off at a rate that would have shamed a rabbit.

On one side of the dwelling-house was a crib filled with hay and fodder. Into this crib the cat shot, but she did not remain long. Her flaming tail had ignited the fodder and hay, and the room had become oppressively warm. Mr. Edwards saw Tabby as she emerged from the crib, and thinking it strange that her tail should bear such a close resemblance to the tail of a comet, watched her, with his back to the crib, that was last being eaten up by the flames.

He saw her rush into the crib on the other side of the dwelling, and then saw her dart out again and head in the direction of the river. She had set fire to that crib also, and before Mr. Edwards or his hands could get any water, $1,000 worth of cribs, hay, fodder, cotton seed, oats, etc., were completely destroyed.

Wanted an Emblem.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A man called in at a carpenter shop on Clifford street yesterday and said he was in business in the western part of the city and wanted an emblem to hang on the front of his building.

"What kind of an emblem had you thought of?" asked the carpenter.

"Well, I daunno."

"What business are you in?"

"I run a saloon."

"Ah! How would a beaver do?"

"There ain't enough water in my business to support either a fish or a beaver."

"Might take an eagle?"

"Too common, and the Eagle saloon is only a block away."

"How would a rooster do?"

"Well, I haven't much to crow over, and the Democratic party seem to own all the roosters in the country."

"Then take a bee-hive."

"What does that represent?"

"Industry. The bee is ever busy, you know?"

"Well, I ain't and the business is a lazy one."

"A gilded ax or hammer would look nice."

"Yes, but that wouldn't do. I'll state the case and then, perhaps, you can suggest something. I am $400 in debt, my wife has run away, and I am sick and tired of the business and want to go West and hang myself. If you've got any emblem for that state of affairs trot her out."

The carpenter had to decline the job.

A Knotty Question.

[Dolby's Recollections of Dickens.]

Mr. Dickens told me, with a good deal of unction, that her Majesty had during the interview graciously asked his opinion on the "servant question."

Could he account for the fact "that we have no good servants in England as in the olden times?"

Mr. Dickens regretted that he could not account for this fact. The price of provisions, the cost of butcher's meat and bread were next hightly touched upon, and so the conversation rippled on agreeably to an agreeable end.

A Treat in Store for Charlie.

[New York Times.]

Two young ladies entered a cigar store and one of them said timidly:

"Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present."

"Oh yes, Miss," replied the tobacconist, "we have any choice you want, from a cent apiece up."

"I think I will take some of the one-cent ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted?" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better," she added, with a little blush, "for having come from me."

The Letter Carrier.

[Bishop Simpson.]

"It is a many-sided convenience to have letters brought to your door. It saves time, traveling and expense; and to be relieved of all anxiety, we must have faith in the intelligence, the honesty, the industry of the carrier.

Men possessing such qualities are in demand, and should be paid according to their worth. Exposed to all weather, sultry heat, freezing cold, pelting storms, foot sore, leg weary, burdened with his precious load, the faithful letter-carrier is at the door with the missive of absent love, of some new honor conferred, of some fortune bequeathed.

Next to the coming of friend and lover, of father and brother, the coming of the letter-carrier is watched by beautiful womanhood. "Blessed are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings."

Lucky Fridays.

Friday, long regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history.

Friday, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry II., of England gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Plymouth, and on Friday they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the united colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Americans surely ought not to be afraid of Friday.

Catching the Morning Train.

[Max Adeler, in Exchange.]

I find that one of the most serious objections to living out of town lies in the difficulty experienced in catching the the early morning train by which I must reach the city and my business. It is by no means a pleasant matter, under any circumstances, to have one's movements regulated by a time-table, and to be obliged to rise to breakfast and to leave home at a certain hour, no matter how strong the temptation to delay may be. But sometimes the horrible punctuality of the train is productive of absolute suffering. For instance: I look at my watch when I get out of bed, and find that I have apparently plenty of time, so I dress leisurely and sit down to the morning meal in a frame of mind which is calm and serene. Just as I crack my first egg I hear the down train from Wilmington. I start in alarm; and taking out my watch I compare it with the clock and find that it is eleven minutes slow, and that I have only five minutes left in which to get to the depot.

Just as I get to the gate I find that I have forgotten my duster and the bundle my wife wanted me to take up to the city to her aunt. Charging back I snatch them up and tear down the gravel walk in a frenzy. I do not like to run through the village; it is undignified and it attracts attention; but I walk furiously. I go faster and faster as I get away from the main street. When half the distance is accomplished I actually do hear the whistle; there can be no doubt about it this time. I long to run, but I know that if I do I will excite that abominable speckled dog sitting by the sidewalk a little distance ahead of me. Then I really see the train coming around the curve close by the depot, and I feel that I must make better time; and I do. The dog immediately manifests an interest in my movements. He tears after me and is speedily joined by five or six other dogs, which frolic apout my legs and bark furiously. Sundry small boys, as I go plunging past, contribute to the excitement by whistling with their fingers and the men who are at work upon the new meeting house stop to look at me and exchange jocular remarks with each other. I do feel ridiculous, but I must catch that train at all hazards.

I become desperate when I have to slacken my pace until two or three women who are standing upon the sidewalk discussing the infamous price of butter, scatter to let me pass. I arrive within a few yards of the station with my duster flying in the wind, with my coat tails in a horizontal position, and with the speckled dog nipping at my heels, just as the train begins to move. I put on extra pressure, resolving to get the train or perish, and I reach it just as the last car is going by. I seize the hand-rail, I am jerked violently around, but finally, after a desperate effort, I get upon the step with my knees, and am hauled in by the brakesman, hot, dusty, and mad, with my trousers torn across the knees, my legs bruised, and three ribs of my umbrella broken.

Just as I reach a comfortable seat in the car the train stops and then backs up on the siding, where it remains for half an hour while the engineer repairs a dislocated valve. The anger which burns in my bosom as I reflect now upon what has proved to have been the folly of that race, is increased as I look out of the window and observe the speckled dog engaged with his companions in an altercation over a bone. A man who permits his dog to roam about the streets nipping the legs of every one who happens to go at a more rapid gait than a walk, is unfit for association with civilized beings. He ought to be placed on a desert island in mid-ocean, and be compelled to stay there.

Men Who Make Shop Windows Beautiful.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Window-dressing is a distinct trade, but there is no school in which it may be learned. The window-dresser is not made, but born. He is essentially an artist, with an artist's delicate sense of color and appropriateness. Morever, he must possess a practical knowledge of those effects which appeal most strongly to the multitude. The earnings of the window-dressers depend upon their ability. The man who can arrange a window which is a banner of beauty and in itself a plea to the person who views it to step in and buy, can, of course, command a higher salary than the decorator whose work is a slender beauty. There are artists in the profession, as in all other trades. It is characteristic of the best men that they require the fewest materials to produce their effects. A few plumes and ribbons, a pot of flowers, some velvet and a hat or two and the window-dressing chief will turn the milliner's window into a dream.

Good men command a salary of from $100 to $125 a month. In isolated instances the rate paid is much higher. But the former sum and steady employment are generally open to any young man who has taste and invention and can display both in window-dressing.

Early Man in America.

According to Prof. Brinton, of the Academy of Natural Science, many important traces of early man are to be discovered in the Mississippi Valley.

Near St. Paul begins the modified glacial drift of an intermediate glacial period. Fifteen feet below the surface in it are found stone implements and remains of workshops.

In Patagonia remains of fires, tools and implements of bone were found. These things indicate a somewhat advanced stage of civilization and were left by men who lived here before the horse was extinct. From these things it is inferred that a race, with race types and characteristics, existed here as early, if not earlier, than elsewhere on the globe.

The characteristics of the American race is color ranging from copper to white; stiff hair and little of it; foreheads retreating, compressed at the sides, and low; eyes straight; noses dissimilar; mouths large; chin round, small and regular; expression hard and unpleasant.

The sexes are much alike in appearance when they do not wear garments fashioned for the purpose of distinguishing them. The higher the development of man, the more pronounced is the distinction between the sexes.

Popular Authors as Performers.

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Several popular authors have been successful amateur players, at the head of whom stands the name of Charles Dickens. This distinguished novelist indeed, would probably have become the most successful comedian of his day had he made the drama his profession.

Byron was also a very clever amateur performer, notwithstanding his lameness. He says in his journal: "When I was a youth I was reckoned a good actor. I played 'Penruddock' in 'The Wheel of Fortune,' and also 'Tristam Fickle' in 'The Weathercock,' in some private theatricals in 1806, with great applause. The whole went off with great effect on our good-natured audience." Byron was an admirable mimic, and delivered the above mentioned prologue, which contained a hit at each of the other performers, and with the addition of tone manner was highly comic.

Washington Irving was also a very clever amateur performer, and while at Dresden united with the Fosters and other English society in producing "Three Weeks After Marriage," his role being "Sir Charles Racket." Irving afterward took the part of "Don Felix" in "The Wonder," and had his histrionic talent been cultivated he might have reached distinction on the stage, though his rank as an author rendered this unnecessary.

The earliest idea of private theatricals, however, is found in the "Tempest," which is one of Shakspeare's most beautiful dramas. "Prospero" honors the marriage of "Ferdinand" and "Miranda" with a simple but exquisite dramatic performance, the players being, as he says:

"—Spirits which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies."

The Reason Why.

[Bridgeport Post.]

My son, there's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as a newspaper advertisement. The prime, first, last and all the time, object of an advertisement is to draw custom.

It is not, was not, and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of custom he can't get his hat off and then he rushes to the newspapers and puts in his advertisement.

When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay his rent, he takes out his advertisement. That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half holiday six days in the week, but who wants to favor an advertisement. They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts, and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent.

That's the aim and end of an advertisement, my son, and if you ever open a store don't try to get them to come when they are all ready sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in the dull season, and you wax rich and own a fast horse, and perhaps be able to smoke a good cigar once or twice a year. Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business that you can attend to already.

A LOGGER'S STORY.

Thrilling Incident in the Pineries of Northern Michigan.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"For a young man I have done pretty hard scrapping in the Rockies and mining regions of New Mexico and Arizona, but a few days ago I had the worst scare in my life in the lumber districts of Northern Michigan."

The speaker was a young man of some 27 years, dressed in rough-and-ready style and wearing a frizzly tow beard. He shifted the position of his broad shoulders as he lounged back in an easy chair in the Sherman house office, puffed his cigar vigorously, and then continued:

"It was one bitter cold day, and I had got up at 6 o'clock to rouse the men and get the sprinkler out. The air seemed full of blue steel and cut to my marrow like a razor.

One of the teamsters got scared out and played off sick, so I had to take his place. When we had got a good load I took the reins and sat down on the butt of the logs, leaving the two loggers on behind. Of course about twenty feet of the load hung off the last bob.

The road was a sheet of ice, for the sprinkler ran over it every morning, and the horses were sharp-shod, so we slid along smoothly till we got to the slide—a pretty steep incline ending in a turn which was mighty sharp for a road sixty feet wide. As soon as we started down my hair began to stand on end, for the horses galloped like fury to keep ahead of the bobs which were slewing all over the road. I got so paralyzed and nervous that when we approached the turn I reined in too suddenly.

"I felt the front bobs jump one way and the back bobs the other. The bind ends of the logs whistled through the air like willow switches, and I heard the loggers yell: 'For God's sake, —— ——.' The next thing was a loud snap! snap! snap!—like three tremendous paper-crackers—as the big log-chains broke like so many cotton threads. Did you ever use a switch sling? Whirl it round and round your head, you know, till a sudden twist sends the apple off the end and spinning into the air? Well, that is the way I felt, and that is just what I thought of as I was shot off into the air, over, and over, and over, till I struck in a snow drift some 100 or more feet from the road.

"When I struggled back through the snow I found the horses trying to kick loose from the few bits of harness that dangled about them, the bobs tangled around the trunk of a small pine tree, and the logs scattered to the four winds. One logger crawled back to the road with a fractured leg, and the other soon followed with a dislocated shoulder.

"One had struck a tree and the second had landed against a stump. They afterwards told me in camp that these things were not at all unusual, and, as I had some pretty heavy bruises myself, I concluded that I was not made to boss a lumber camp.

"So I was driven to town the next day to telegraph the management that the head teamster was filling my place, and that I was on my way to Chicago; and you bet your life I am glad I did it."

Was Justifiable.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

A well known planter of south Arkansaw, a man who has exhorted at more revivals than any worker in the state, had trouble last week. While hauling cotton along a muddy road, one of the steers broke the yoke and ran away. The old fellow sat down on a log and said:

"Lord you know pretty well what I have done for the church, and how many privations I have stood without a whimper of complaint. If you have observed me very closely, you know that I never said a word when my fences were washed away, and that even when Josh Chandler beat me in a law suit, I did not murmur but now, after mature consideration, I am compelled to say something. Damn that steer. I think that under the circumstances I am excusable. Very few men would have stood as much as I have especially a man whose wife is in a flout half the time, so I submit the question: Don't you think that I am justifiable in the course I have this day taken! Here I am stuck in the mud. By the time I can get another team the boat will be gone, and I'll have to leave my cotton or haul it back home. If I leave it on the bank, somebody will steal it, and if I take it back home, Anderson will catch it with a mortgage. So, you see, I am peculiarly situated, and am, before any court in the world, or out of it either, justifiable in remarking, damn that steer."

A Chinese Lynching.

[Celestial Empire.]

Just outside the west gate of Shanghai city is a small hamlet where lived an old man and his son. The latter made it a practice of calling upon his father for money whenever he was in want of it, until the thing got rather monotonous for the father, who remonstrated with his son, and, being saucily replied to, the father attempted to apply "parental correction" on the son.

The son, in rage, then caught hold of the door-bar and brought it down with such force on the father's skull that he cracked it and killed the old man. The neighbors, hearing the row, assembled at the door of the house where the murder was committed and captured the son as he was endeavoring to escape.

The members of the father's clan were then called together, and at a solemn conclave it was decided to administer on the spot, the law set aside for parricides, instead of appealing to the magistrates, which invariably causes delay, and perhaps the murderer might effect his escape in the meantime. So the parricide was bound hand and foot and just without the hamlet a hole was dug, and the wretched murderer consigned to its depths.

The mud was thrown into the hole, and the members of the clan stamped by turns on the grave until it was on a level with ground, and so, without leaving a mound or any marks to point out the parricide's grave, the assembled crowd dispersed silently to their daily vocations.

The Arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty, dance, sing, and do not care for ice cream. Hot drinks and walrus blubber are their peculiar vanities, and sealskin sacques are sold at two iron hoops and ten-penny nail.